

10

# Dan'l Boone

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## GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

NO.7  
MAR.

10c







WEB COMIC  
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# Dan'l Boone

HE LOOMED LIKE AN EVIL GIANT OVER THE PERILOUS FRONTIER! THE MERE MENTION OF HIS NAME WAS ENOUGH TO STRIKE FEAR INTO SETTLERS' HEARTS! ONLY DAN'L BOONE WAS A MATCH FOR

**"SIMON GIRTY  
WORST  
OF THE  
RENEGADES"**



HE WAS CRUELLER THAN THE CRUELLEST SAVAGE!

GIRTY SMILES... GIRTY'S HEART IS FILLED WITH HAPPINESS WHENEVER SETTLERS' CABINS GO UP IN FLAMES!



WHO WAS THIS SIMON GIRTY? WHAT LAY BEHIND THE FIERCE HATRED SEETHING INSIDE HIM...?

AS A CHILD, HE WAS ORPHANED TWICE BY THE INDIANS -

FIRST MY FATHER WENT DOWN IN A RAID... AND NOW MY STEP-FATHER!





THE HATRED HAD BEGUN SEETHING INSIDE HIM! AND IT NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SUBSIDE - FOR THEN THE SENECA CAPTURED HIM!



YOUNG PALEFACE BEATS ALL OUR BRAVES IN THE GAMES!

HE WILL BE A MIGHTY WARRIOR!

THE SAVAGERY OF HIS CAPTORS MATCHED HIS OWN! THEIR RESPECT FOR HIS SKILLS MADE HIM FEEL LIKE A GIANT AMONG THEM! BY THE TIME HE WAS A GROWN MAN, THERE WAS NO WARRIOR FIERCER THAN GIRTY IN THE WARS AMONG THE TRIBES!



BUT HE WAS A MAN APART-- NEITHER INDIAN NOR SETTLER!

I'M BETTER THAN YOU BECAUSE I'M SO MUCH SMARTER!

YOU CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO ME WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING AND WOODLORE... AND YOU'RE A SNIVELLING SOFT-HEARTED FOOL, EVER YEARNING FOR PEACE



HE WAS A MAN APART - BUT IT SUITED HIM TO SIDE WITH THE INDIANS FOR THE SHEER JOY HE TOOK IN IN THE HIGH POST HE HELD IN THEIR COUNCILS!

THIS IS WAR! IF WE'RE TO DRIVE THE SETTLERS OUT OF KEN-TA-KEE, WE HAVE TO FIGHT AS ONE BIG ARMY!



WE HAVE TO PLAN OUR RAIDS CAREFULLY-- WORK THEM SO THE SETTLERS ARE KEPT OFF BALANCE! WE'LL WAIT TILL THEY'RE DIZZY WITH SHIFTING

REINFORCEMENTS-- AND THEN WE'LL STRIKE WHERE THEY HAVE THE FEWEST MEN!



AND SO THE GIRTY RAIDS STARTED! AND SINCE DAN'L BOONE WAS AWAY ON A LONG-HUNT AT THE TIME, THEY TOOK A HEAVY TOLL!

NOBODY ON THE PARAPET BUT OLD MEN!... UP AND AT THEM!





ALL SURVIVORS WERE DRAGGED BACK TO THE ENCAMPMENTS! THAT MEANT NO SETTLER AT LIBERTY HAD EVER GLIMPSED GIRTY'S FACE! BUT THEN ONE DAY—



NOT LONG AFTER, DAN'L BOONE RETURNED FROM HIS LONG-HUNT! AND WITH BOONE BACK, THE GIRTY RAIDS BEGAN TO MEET STIFF RESISTANCE!



SO NOW GIRTY DEVOTED ALL HIS CUNNING TO SETTING TRAPS FOR THE GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL!





**BUT A MAN AS QUICK-  
THINKING AS BOONE—**



**— ALWAYS HAD  
SOMEPLACE TO GO!**



**ANOTHER DAY—ANOTHER TRAP!**



**BUT BOONE WASN'T A CLEAR TARGET! AND HE  
EVEN MANAGED TO SQUEEZE OFF A SHOT  
HIMSELF!**



**YOUR  
TRAPS  
CANNOT  
HOLD  
BOONE!**

**BOONE LEAVES  
ME NO CHOICE—  
I'LL HAVE TO  
GO AFTER HIM  
MYSELF!**



**WHY  
DO YOU  
TAKE  
THE  
TRINKETS?**

**THEY BELONG TO THAT  
PEDDLER WE CAPTURED!  
...WHEN I REACH BOONE'S  
SETTLEMENT, THE  
SETTLERS WILL THINK  
I'M JUST ANOTHER  
PEDDLER!**



**BETTER TURN BACK NOW—THE  
SETTLEMENT'S NOT TOO FAR  
OFF! NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME,  
YOU'LL HEAR HOW BOONE  
MET HIS END!**



**LATER— WHAT'S THAT?!  
SOUNDS LIKE  
TROUBLE DOWN IN THE  
RAVINE!**



**FOREST RUNNERS STOPPING A PACK-TRAIN!... SIMON GIRTY-  
YOU'RE PLAYING IN LUCK! FOR NOW YOU'LL BE ENTERING  
BOONE'S SETTLEMENT AS A HERO...!**







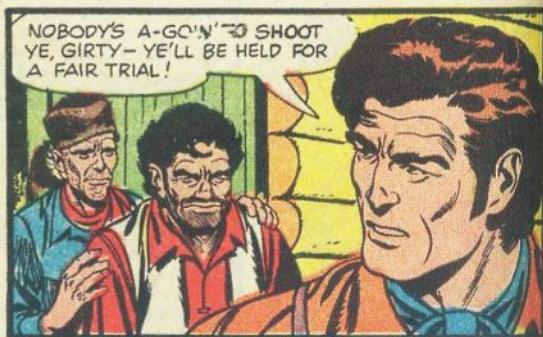
WHEN THEY REACHED THE SETTLEMENT -







THEY WERE GIANTS, BOTH OF THEM, WHEN IT CAME TO STRENGTH AND FIGHTING SKILL! FOR A LONG TIME, NEITHER COULD GAIN THE UPPER HAND!



SIMON GIRTY SMILED AS HE LISTENED! HE FELT THEY WERE FOOLS TO LET HIM LIVE! BOONE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GUARD HIM 24 HOURS A DAY! NOBODY ELSE COULD HOLD HIM—HE'D ESCAPE FOR SURE! AS DAN'L BOONE TURNED AWAY, GIRTY'S SMILE DEEPENED...

The End



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Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

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# Dan'l Boone

IT STARTED BACK IN VIRGINIA WITH AN OLD MAN BEING HIT BY BY A FOOLISH NOTION! BUT IT ENDED OUT ON THE FRONTIER WITH DAN'L BOONE FACING TREACHERY AND PERIL--ALL BECAUSE OF THE

## "TEST OF THE WILDERNESS"



ON THE VAST FARM OF AMOS TEMPLER IN YADKIN VALLEY, VIRGINIA--

YOU'RE NO SON OF MINE, ERNEST--TO STAND BY AND LET THEM ROB US WITHOUT A FIGHT!

ONLY A FOOL WOULD THROW BARE FISTS AT ALL THOSE RIFLES, FATHER!

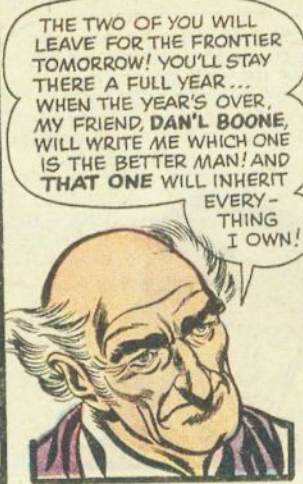


I'LL DRIVE THEM OFF, FATHER!

WILLIAM!



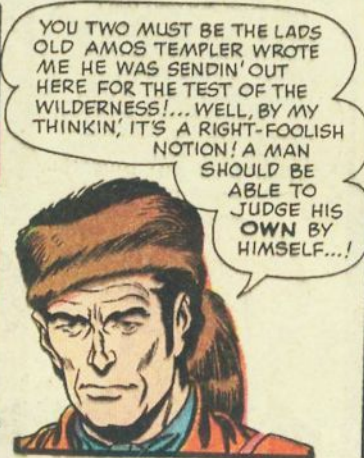




IT WAS A LONG TREK THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, BUT AT LAST THE STEP-BROTHERS ARRIVED...











IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, WILLIAM  
TEMPLER KEPT BROODING...







THE CHANCES  
ARE THAT  
WILLIAM  
TEMPLER  
WOULD HAVE  
LEFT THE  
FRONTIER  
THERE AND  
THEN — IF  
CY HAWK  
HADN'T  
BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR HIM  
IN THE  
FOREST...!



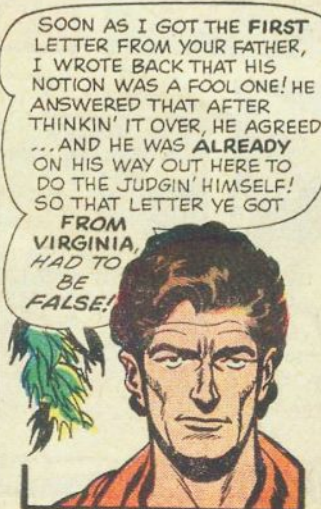




A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE CHEROKEE ENCAMPMENT—









A Safe, Scientific Wonder Toy!

# NEW FANTASTIC JET ROCKET INVENTION

Travels up to 750 Feet in Flight!

**HEY GANG!**

Works by real jet action — just like my supersonic jet plane



Starts Off With a Whoosh  
Shoots Real Jet Vapor Trail

- ★ Works On True Jet Propulsion Principle
- ★ Uses Only Air And Plain Water As Fuel
- ★ A Scientific Marvel — Used At Official Rocket Testing Bases, Universities, Etc.
- ★ Practically Indestructible
- ★ Safety Engineered — No Other Toy Like It In America!



# ZOOMS 300 FEET HIGH

ON 1/2 CUP OF WATER!

HERE is a scientific "toy" that will astound, delight and educate every man, woman, boy or girl — and make you rub your eyes in disbelief at the fantastic flying power, height, speed and space-piercing energy that science has learned to extract from a handful of air — and water!

To wow the gang with sky-flying jet rocket thrills, simply load Energy-Release Chamber with a few spoonfuls of water — stroke launching arm forward — and WHOOSH! Up she goes! See that jet vapor stream pour from her tail as she takes off. Watch her shudder against the pull of gravity — up, up, 10 15 20 feet high in first flight stage. Then, picking up speed, up she goes, faster and faster! Higher than the rooftops, higher than the trees, 100 feet, 200 feet and still climbing at accelerating speeds of 100 miles an hour or more as she streaks to the dizzy height of 300 feet — AND HIGHER!

**Approved by Schools — Lauded by Scientists!**

For long moments, you'll stare upwards in stunned disbelief at this scientific demonstration of jet flying power in action. You'll marvel how such a tiny amount of air and water can release this sky-piercing power — and only then will you begin to understand with a feeling of awe the enormous power that man is now beginning to wield — the power that is destined to take man to the outer reaches of space in our time. For the "toy" you are watching in flight is a true example of space-defying jet power! The same "toy" that is so perfect an example of jet propulsion that it is now used at official rocket proving stations, universities, laboratories, to demonstrate rocket flight principles to students and trainees!

But that's only half the fun! Because the fin design is so scientifically balanced, SUPER-JET floats gently back to earth again. And then what fun the gang will have catching it by hand!

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GO!



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# JOLLY JIM DANDY

YES SIREE, FOLKS — BEAVERS ARE BUSY CRITTERS! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO INJUN-RUCKUSING, HELPING FRIENDS OUT WITH CHORES, AND MAKING THEM LAUGH, **JOLLY JIM DANDY** IS ...

## THE BUSIEST BEAVER!

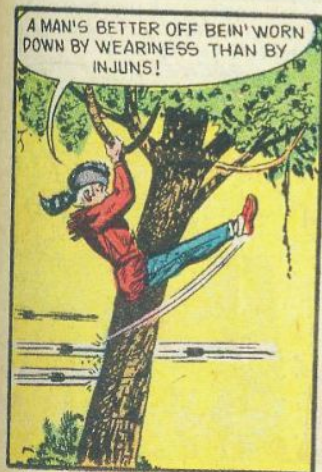


ONE BALMY SPRING DAY —

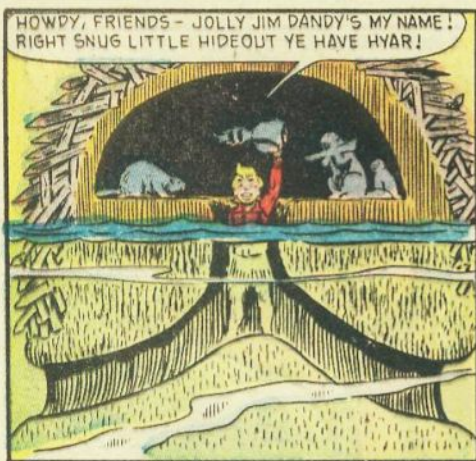




AND SO, A WEEK LATER, DEEP IN THE FOREST —









SO NOBODY PAYS HEED TO JOLLY JIM DANDY! AND THAT NIGHT, INSIDE THE SETTLEMENT—



LUCKY I STAYED AWAKE TO LOOK AFTER THINGS!

MORE WATER OVER HYAR!



MEANWHILE—

THEY'RE SO BUSY PUTTING OUT THAT FIRE THEY WON'T NOTICE ME REPLACING THEIR GUNPOWDER WITH SAND!



AND NOW I'LL DUMP THE REAL GUNPOWDER INTO THE WATER!



BUT JOLLY JIM DANDY, EVER ALERT TO DANGER, HAS CLIMBED THE PARAPET FOR A QUICK LOOK-SEE! AND—



GOT YE!

HEY!



EBENEZER! YE'RE THE RENEGADE!

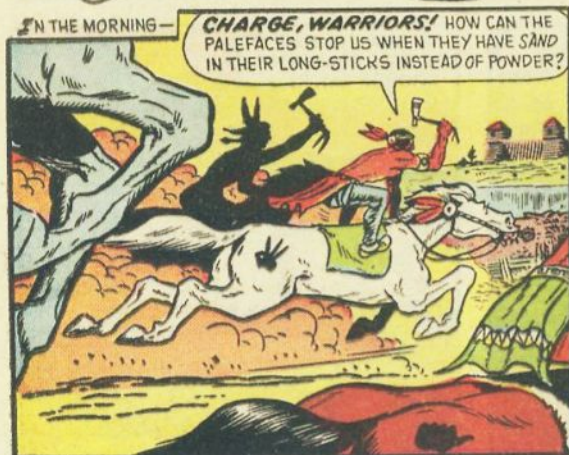
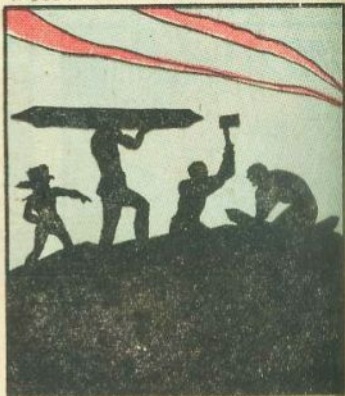
I'VE BEEN WORKIN' WITH THE INJUNS ALL THE TIME! AND YE'RE TOO LATE, JIM!!! BECAUSE THE GUNPOWDER'S ALREADY IN THE WATER!







SO JOLLY JIM DANDY TAKES OUT A WORK  
PARTY! AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
THOSE FRONTIERSMEN WORK LIKE **BEAVERS!**



THE  
END



# THE REAL RENEGADE

NIGHT covered the wilderness like a thick black blanket. In the distance, beasts of the forest made stealthy sounds, moving through the dark in search of water or new lairs . . . and a far-off screech owl hooted.

But in this sector of the forest there were no animal sounds—only the sobbing of the wind through tree branches—for those with four legs always avoided places where man-scent was strong. Man-scent spelled danger for them—the thunderous crack of the rifle or the deadly thunk of the whizzing arrow. . .

The men were hiding. Scrunched down in the underbrush, they were keeping watch on a camp site. Grim lines creased their faces, and their hands never wandered from the triggers of their long rifles.

They were Jim Kirby and young Tad Jones, who had come deep into the forest on the trail of a renegade. They had found his camp site . . . and now they were waiting for him to return.

"What's taking him so long?" Tad whispered hoarsely. "And how come we're waiting instead of going after him?"

Kirby frowned at his young friend's impatience. "Cool down, boy," he said. "If we don't wait quiet-like, Morgan will be warned off when he does get back."

Tad flushed. His hands knotted into fists. Cool down, he thought bitterly. What call was there to cool down? . . . There was no need that he could see to bottle up anger that was aimed at a man low enough to sell out his own people to the Indians! Kirby must be made of ice to remain cool at a time like this—

"Shhhh!"

A twig had cracked in the distance.

Tad raised himself to one knee, straining forward. Now they could hear somebody stumbling through the forest. The sounds kept coming closer. Tad felt Kirby's hand on his shoulder, but he was too tense to heed the hand's warning.

The split-second the shadowy figure could be seen coming towards them, Tad uncoiled like a spring. He lurched forward with levelled rifle, anger flaring inside him . . . only to feel himself tripping over what must have been a root in the dark, and falling with a crash that echoed through the forest for miles.

Tad lay there, breathless and stunned, fighting to hold back his tears. For he knew the crash of the fall had warned off the renegade. Sure, Kirby had moved out after him. But Morgan was alerted now whereas before he had not known they were so close. There was no telling what would happen once he was cornered with his back to the wall—no telling what wild desperate act he might chance to avoid capture!

Tad groaned. If only he hadn't lost his fool

head, Morgan would have been their prisoner by now, all trussed and ready to be toted back to the vengeful settlers. Then, thinking of the settlers and their reason for anger, Tad found himself recalling the series of events that had brought him and Kirby to the forest tonight. . .

Just yesterday morning, while tramping through the wilderness, he and Kirby had spotted these Cherokee warriors. Kirby had said softly, "Hmmm—didn't know Cherokees to be hereabouts."

"They're wearing war paint!" Tad had whispered. "It's a war party!"

"Hmmm—and they're headed right for the settlement. Reckon we'll have to give warnin'."

Just then one of the Cherokees spotted them—and cried out warningly to his tribesmen. A split-second later, the air was bristling with arrows and spears, but Kirby and Tad had already melted back into the shadows of the forest. The Cherokees gave chase, padding after them—and only their speed and skill at blinding trail saved them.

Later, they were hidden in a cave up on a hill, well beyond their pursuers' reach, when they saw the Cherokees filing disgustedly towards the West.

Tad frowned puzzledly. "When we first spotted them, they were moving towards the settlement," he said. "Why should they be moving away from it now?"

"Reckon they were bent on a surprise raid," Kirby answered grimly. "Since we got away, they know we'll be warnin' the settlers. That spoils the surprise—so they've called the whole ruckus off. . ."

The next morning when Kirby and Tad arrived at the settlement with news of their encounter with the Cherokees, they learned how much of a surprise the raid would have been! The settlers' faces turned cold and angry at the news—and the angriest of them all was Bart Wilcox, a burly redheaded man.

"WHAT? CHEROKEES HEREABOUTS?!" Wilcox cried gruffly. "Then how come Fred Morgan just swore up and down that there wasn't a sign of 'em?!"

"That's right," another settler grumbled. "We sent Morgan out scoutin' for 'em—and he came back just a few hours ago, sayin' we had nothin' to fear."

Wilcox raised his big hands, motioning the settlers to silence. "This can mean only one thing, friends," he said sternly, "Morgan gave us a false report because he's workin' with the Injuns! Morgan's a RENEGADE!"

A sullen roar rose from the settlers. Led by Wilcox, they ran from cabin to cabin, searching for Morgan—but he had slipped



out through the gates even as Kirby and Ted had started describing their encounter with the war party.

And so Kirby and Tad, leaving the settlement manned by the men who knew its paraps best, in case the Cherokees decided to raid after all, went deep into the forest on the trail of the renegade.

They found his trail pitifully easy to follow. To Kirby and Tad's practiced eyes, it was as plain to read as the pages of an open book. If the man weren't a scurvy renegade, Tad would have felt sorry for how he kept stumbling ahead of them in fear-driven circles.

Then they had come to the camp site. . . .

Tad groaned again. He was still lying where he had fallen, and all the remembering had taken but a moment to flash through his mind. If only he hadn't lost his—

Suddenly Tad's face writhed in a grimace of shock. He had just heard voices nearby—not the outcries of men about to join in mortal combat, but Kirby's voice, calm and low as always . . . and another man's, shrill and keening with misery.

Tad inched forward, his rifle cradled over his arms, until at last he saw them. The other man was runty and weak-faced. Kirby was speaking soothingly, and the other man was wringing his hands.

"Ye were right to give up without a ruckus," Kirby was saying. "Now keep *bein'* right, Morgan—and tell me what made ye run off."

"I-I'm ashamed to," Morgan blubbered.

"Better to be ashamed than to be taken for a renegade. Folks hereabouts are right hard on renegades."

"I'll tell," Morgan said quickly. "I'll tell . . ." Now that he was confessing, he seemed relieved, and his words flowed smoothly. I'm new to the frontier—as unknown in these forests as a panther would be on a city street. But I've always been the boastful sort—I never could skip a chance to make myself appear big in peoples' eyes. So when I arrived at the settlement, I told everybody I was a great frontiersman . . . an old hand at Indian scouting and fighting."

"And they took ye at your word?"

"Yes—I-I guess frontier people don't expect the first words out of a stranger's mouth to be bald-faced lies. . . . Anyway, when the time came for a scout to be sent out, it was only natural, after the way I'd blown myself up, that they should ask me to go. And I was a weak fool—I should have told them there and then that I wasn't the man for the job. But I was too ashamed. . . .

"But then, a few minutes before I was supposed to set out, I screwed up enough courage to tell one man the truth! I was willing for him to tell everybody the truth about me—I didn't want to endanger the whole settlement! But he said there was no need to expose myself! He said he knew for certain there were no Cherokees about—that all I had to do was go out a short distance, camp for a while, and then come back saying the

Cherokees had gone . . . and there was no chance of their raiding."

Kirby bunched his lips together distastefully. "So ye did as he told ye," Kirby said. "And right after, the Cherokees set out to raid. And when ye heard Tad and me tell of seein' 'em, ye knew how the settlers would feel about your false report. So ye panicked and ran off. Do ye know what this all adds up to? *The man who sent ye out was workin' with the Cherokees! Who was he, Morgan?*"

"I-I can't tell! I promised him I'd never tell!"

"Don't be a fool, Morgan—he's the REAL RENEGADE! Quick now—what's his name?"

"I'll be glad to tell ye my name!"

Both Kirby and Morgan swiveled startledly, for that last voice had come from behind them. And now Bart Wilcox stepped out of the shadows, his long rifle pointed squarely at Kirby.

"That's right—I'm the renegade," the burly redhead said boastfully. "I saw a chance for my Injun friends to mount a surprise raid when Morgan came snivelin' to me. But *you* spoiled that raid, Kirby . . . and this time I lit out after ye to see that ye never learned the truth from Morgan. Since I've come too late for that—now I have to see that ye don't live to spread what ye've heard!"

Wilcox's rifle was up to his shoulder now. He was squinting down the long barrel. . . .

KRAKK!

Tad had been hidden in the shadows too—and it was Tad's quick shot that had shattered the menace-filled silence! Tad missed—but his shot, coming so unexpectedly, was enough to cause Wilcox to fire wildly. And Kirby's hard fist slammed into his jaw and sent him crumpling down.

The real renegade was all trussed up now, ready to be toted back to the settlement . . . and Tad was glowing with pride.

"Guess that shot of mine more than made up for tripping over the root," he said to Kirby.

Kirby chuckled. "It sure did," he said. Only that was no *root* ye tripped over, Tad. It was *my foot* . . . I tripped ye on purpose. Our *bein'* able to follow Morgan's trail so easy, set me to thinkin' somethin' was wrong about a man as unknowin' as Morgan havin' been chosen to scout out Injuns. Then—seein' how wrought up ye were against him, I had to make sure he'd be in proper shape to tell his tale once we caught him."

Kirby cuffed his young friend gently. "Don't fret, Tad," he said. "Ye had a lesson to learn . . . and ye learned it so that ye'll never forget it."

Tad scratched his head puzzledly. "Lesson? What lesson?"

"In this land of ours," Kirby answered gravely, "no matter how guilty a man seems to be in your eyes—he's innocent until his guilt has been proved for sure!"

THE END



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Rush my toy Cars at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return them. Enclosed find my order for:

- 100 Toys \$1.00, plus 25c postage..... ☐  
 200 Toys \$2.00. No postage necessary..... ☐  
 300 Toys \$3.00. No postage necessary..... ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# Dan'l Boone

**D**AN'L BOONE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO FLING HIMSELF HEAD-LONG AT THE ENEMY! THE WHOLE FRONTIER WOULD GO UP IN SMOKE AND SPLINTERS IF HE FAILED TO STOP

**"THE BIG GUNS"**



THERE'S NOT ANOTHER MAN ON THE FRONTIER ABLE TO DO THIS, BOONE! BUT I'M SO *NEW* OUT HERE, I'M STILL A BABE IN THE WILDERNESS!

BUT YE'RE WILLIN' TO LEARN, JIM... THAT COUNTS A HEAP! OR ELSE, YE'D NEVER HAVE JOINED ME ON THIS LONG HUNT!



UH-OH-SOMETHIN'S MADE DEEP RUTS PASSIN' THROUGH THE CLEARIN'!

WHAT COULD HAVE LEFT THOSE TRACKS ALL THE WAY OUT HERE, BOONE?



IF I'M READIN' 'EM RIGHT, JIM—THE WHOLE FRONTIER'S IN WORSE DANGER THAN EVER BEFORE!











THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT—





I WAS HOPIN' TO BE WRONG - BUT THOSE BIG GUNS ARE JUST WHAT I FEARED HAD MADE THOSE TRACKS IN THE CLEARIN'!



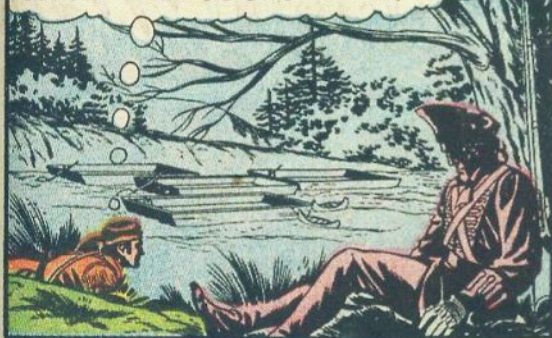
HMMM - THERE'S A HEAP OF ROUGH COUNTRY BETWEEN HERE AND THE SETTLEMENTS. CHANCES ARE THEY'LL BE TRYIN' TO MOVE THE BIG GUNS DOWN THE RIVER...!



THAT NIGHT, DOWN AT THE RIVER --

JIM'LL HAVE TO WAIT A MITE LONGER - I'LL HAVE TO FIX THOSE BARGES SO NOBODY'LL EVER

BE ABLE TO LOAD BIG GUNS ONTO 'EM!



LUCKY THIS ONE'S A SOUND SLEEPER - FOR I NEED HIS POWDER HORN RIGHT BAD!



WATER'S FREEZIN'... BUT IT'LL BE STEAMIN' BEFORE LONG!



I'LL GET TO THOSE BARGES IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT...



...AND THE FUSE DOESN'T HIT THE POWDER TOO SOON!



A CANOE MOVING AGAINST THE CURRENT!



WAKE UP, EVERYBODY!... WAKE UP!





UH-OH-SUDDEN-LIKE IT'S  
RAININ' SPEARS AND  
ARROWS!



ALMOST ON TOP OF THE BARGES!...  
TIME TO LEAVE-!



NO SOUND OVERHEAD!...SURE  
HOPE THE FUSE DIDN'T FIZZLE  
OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE!



LATER- AND WHILE THE  
BARGES WERE  
GOING SKY-HIGH, I WAS  
BACK HERE, TWIDDLING  
MY THUMBS! HMPF-  
GUESS YOU WERE WISE TO  
GO ALONE...I'D HAVE  
ONLY BEEN IN THE WAY!



JIM-OUR JOB'S NOT  
FINISHED YET! THEY'LL  
BE HAULIN' THE BIG  
GUNS OVERLAND  
NOW... AND WE STILL  
HAVE TO STOP  
'EM!

WELL, WHAT'RE WE  
WAITING FOR,  
BOONE?



AND SO THEY  
RAN THROUGH  
THE WILDERNESS,  
THINKING ONLY  
OF THE DANGER  
TO KENTUCKY!  
AND THAT'S HOW  
CAME THEY DIDN'T  
SPOT THE WOLF  
PACK PADDING  
STEALTHILY  
AFTER THEM--





BOONE, I'VE  
TRIPPED! I'VE...

WOLVES!



CAN'T SHOOT WITHOUT LETTIN'  
THE INJUNS KNOW WE'RE ON  
THEIR TRAIL—SO I'LL HAVE TO  
USE TICK-LICKER'S OTHER END!



WE  
PROVE  
'EM OFF,  
JIM!

BUT I'M WOUNDED  
...I CAN'T MOVE...  
YOU'LL HAVE TO  
GO ON WITHOUT  
ME!



AND LEAVE  
YE HELPLESS  
IN THE  
WILDERNESS?  
WHAT DO  
YE TAKE  
ME FOR?

YOU HAVE NO  
CHOICE! WHAT'S  
MY ONE LIFE  
AGAINST ALL  
THOSE LIVES IN  
THE SETTLEMENTS!  
AND THE CANNON  
ARE GETTING  
CLOSER TO THEM  
EVERY MINUTE!



STOP ARGUEFYIN', JIM—I'M NOT  
LEAVIN'. THERE'S A PASSEL OF  
SWIFT RUNNIN' STREAMS  
THAT'LL HOLD UP THE BIG GUNS  
LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET  
YE IN GOOD SHAPE AGAIN...

BUT AFTER A FULL WEEK HAD PASSED—



WE HAVE ENOUGH FIRE-POWER TO CRASH YOUR  
WALL DOWN WITH A SINGLE BARRAGE! WILL YOU  
SURRENDER...OR MUST I GIVE MY GUN CREWS  
THEIR ORDERS?



OUR ANSWER'S NO!  
WE'LL FIGHT TO  
THE LAST MAN!

VERY WELL! GUN  
CREWS—FIRE FOR  
RANGE...!









COULDN'T CREEP UP WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED AS BOONE COULD HAVE DONE—SO LOOKS LIKE...



... I'LL HAVE TO DEPEND ON MY STRENGTH!



NO TIME TO LOOK FOR A CROWBAR!... MY FIST'LL HAVE TO DO!



MEANWHILE— YOU ARE TRAPPED, BOONE!... NEVER AGAIN WILL WE HAVE TO SHUDDER WHEN WE HEAR YOUR NAME!



BUT THEN—

THERE GO THE CANNON... I HOPE BOONE'S ALIVE TO HEAR THEIR SEND-OFF!



LATER— YE HAD NO NEED TO WORRY, JIM! THOSE INJUNS WERE SO SCARED BY THE EXPLOSION... CHANCES ARE THEY'RE STILL RUNNIN'!

BOONE, MAY I JOIN YOU ON YOUR NEXT HUNT? I'M STILL ACHING TO LEARN ALL I CAN FROM YOU!



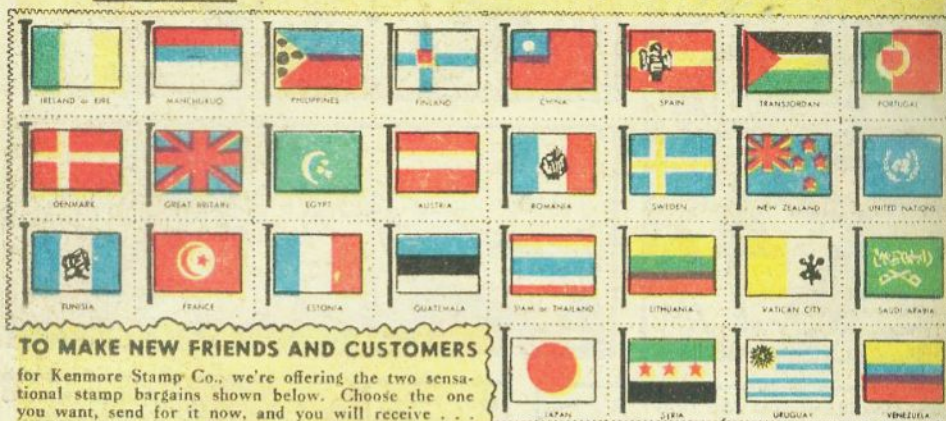
I'LL BE RIGHT GLAD TO HAVE AT MY SIDE ALL THE POWER YE PACK, JIM. AND YE'LL LEARN, ALL RIGHT. YE'RE WILLIN'... THAT COUNTS A HEAP!

The End



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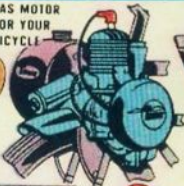
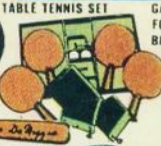
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